

5<sup>th</sup> THE NIGHTINGALE

A  
T A L E.

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*Passer, Deliciæ Puellæ meæ,  
Quem, illa plus Oculis suis, amabat.*

CATULL.

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L O N D O N :

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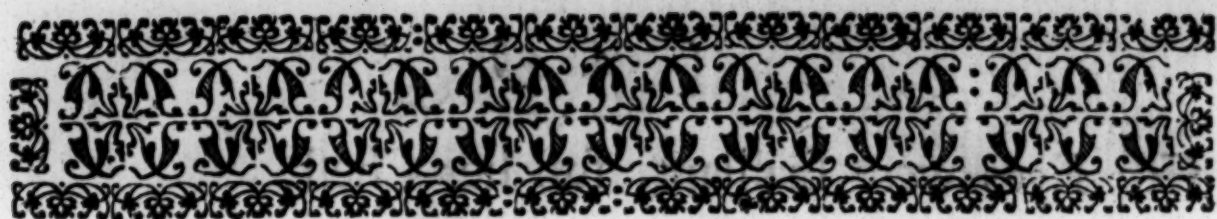
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THE  
NIGHTINGALE.  
A  
T A L E.

N *Italy* there is a Town,  
A Village, but of small Renown,  
Where liv'd a Maid for Beauty famed,  
*Verambon* was her Father named,  
Her Mother is upon Record,  
In *Boccace*, by no other Word :  
Their Daughter, whom we *Catherine* call,  
Who of our Tale is All in All :  
With Charms abounded in excess,  
Amplly, every where to bless,  
The Lilly fair, and blushing Rose,  
Their Beauties on her Cheeks disclose ;

Her

Her Eyes were Brilliant, full her Chest,  
 Her Arms well turn'd and smooth, a Breast  
 Divinely white ; the Milky Way,  
 Where in blue Veins young *Cupids* stray :  
 Easy her Shape, easy her Mien,  
 Her Hair light-brown, her Age Sixteen.  
 And if by what the Fair reveal'd,  
 We guess the Beauties she conceal'd,  
 Most elegantly form'd to please,  
 She was Perfection in one Piece.

A Damsel with an Equipage  
 Like this, some Lover must engage ;  
 Some Lover ! All Mankind I swear——  
 Have Patience, Reader, and you'll hear.

Now *Richard*, youthful *Richard*, came,  
 He saw the Fair, and felt a Flame,  
 That warming thro' his Eyes his Heart,  
 Glow'd instantly in every Part.  
*Kitty* on every Chrystal Glass  
 Was grav'd, as on his Mind her Face ;  
*Richard* still was every where,  
 Where beauteous *Kitty* did appear :

He

He try'd, in short, all Ways to move her,  
 And took the usual Oaths as Lover ;  
 His Eyes grew wild, and quick his Breath,  
 He sigh'd, and swore, and talk'd of Death :  
 When, oh, strange Power of Nature shown,  
 She lighted from his Fire her own :  
 Now each the other's Breast inspires  
 With mutual, melting, warm Desires :

*Desires ! for what ?* Must I then show ?  
 You might, without Art Magick, know ;  
 In the talking Lover's Eye,  
 Ten Thousand Wishes Lovers spy.

One Obstacle there was, and this  
 Delay'd a while our Lover's Bliss,  
 Her Mother doated so upon  
 Sweet Kitty, she was ne'er alone.  
 In Day-light Miss was always ty'd,  
 Just like her Tweezers, to her Side.  
 At Night lock'd up, the Virgin lay,  
 I'th' Room with Mamma and Papa ;  
 In a little Trundle near,  
 She slumber'd by her Parents dear :  
 More Liberty, and less Affection  
 Had better suited her Complexion.

This Tenderness had proper been  
 To Infants, *Kitty* was Sixteen ;  
 An Age when every humane Creature  
 Is from the Mother wean'd by Nature.

She not one Moment cou'd employ  
 With *Richard*, now her only Joy :  
 Sometimes indeed, the Youth an Eye  
 Or Smile might steal, the Mother by ;  
 Or press her Hand, or snatch a Kiss ;  
 But this was All ; and what was this ?  
 They both had Appetites too good,  
 To dine on Smoak and think it Food.

Well, Sir, go on--- and what might now  
 In this Distress these Lovers do ?

One happy Day, unknown to either,  
 They found themselves alone together ;  
 Alone, no Mother's jealous Ear  
 The mutual Lovers Complaints to hear :  
 When *Richard*—— What avails this Flame,  
 That quickens thus our mutual Frame ?  
 That I love you, and you again  
 Feel and compassionate my Pain,

Augments

Augments the Longings that we bear,  
 And points the Arrows of Despair :  
 I see you, but my ravish'd Eyes  
 Dare not to reveal their Joys ;  
 I hear you, yet my Words may flow  
 On any Theme, but Love and You ;  
 Is it impossible to meet,  
 But we must always counterfeit ?  
 Can't we devise to see each other,  
 Without this watchful Spy, your Mother ?  
 Is it impossible ! oh say,  
 Can't you contrive ? is there no Way ?  
 Dear *Kitty*, were this Heart of thine  
 Warm'd but with half the Heat of mine,  
 You do not Love me ; No—— the Maid,  
 With Rosy Blushes cover'd, said,  
 Ah, were my Heart but less sincere,  
 I shou'd not then thus fondly hear ;  
 No, I shou'd talk another Strain,  
 And only give, not share your Pain :  
 But our Time's precious, and affords  
 No Moment now for idle Words,  
 Say only what is to be done,  
 And leave the rest to me alone ;

Suppose then you contrive to lie,  
 In that adjacent Gallery, **There**

There I may nightly see my Dear,  
 And no suspecting Parent near;  
 Then every Moment we'll improve,  
 And talk by Moon-light of our Love:  
 For I've a thousand Things to say,  
 That can't be said in open Day.

She smil'd, and blush'd; and promis'd too,  
 What was within her Power, to do.  
 Love gave her Art, Love gave her Life,  
 And she contriv'd like any Wife;  
 No practis'd Matron cou'd defeat her,  
 Or bustle thro' a Business better.

To Bed she went, but not one Winking  
 Of Sleep cou'd *Kitty* get for thinking;  
 (She that has *Cupid* in her Breast,  
 Has little Time, alas! for Rest.)  
 All Night she toss'd and turn'd about,  
 And made so terrible a Rout,  
 Her Father nor her Mother neither,  
 One Moment clos'd their Eyes together:  
 When Morning came --- *Mamma*, she cry'd,  
 Last Night, I thought I should have dy'd;  
 This Room more stifling grows than ever,  
 I certainly shall have a Fever:

Pray,

Pray, may not, if you please, my Bed  
 In our Long Gallery be made ;  
 In this most sultry Season there  
 Comes from the Citron Grove, an Air  
 That will refresh me, with its Breeze ;  
 The Nightingale among the Trees,  
 There chaunts its Love-song too, and I,  
*Mamma*, in Paradise shall lie.

Soon the Good Woman gave Consent,  
 And soon to her Good Man she went :

Your Daughter *Kitty* (Child) wou'd lie,  
 If we think fit, i'th' Gallery ;  
 She'll sleep all Night in Fresco there,  
 And hear the Nightingale so clear.

The Gallery ! what idle Tale !  
 Your Daughter ! and a Nightingale !  
 Last Night, 'tis true, was hot ; what then ?  
 The next it may be cool again.  
 I sleep there well enough, is she  
 More delicate and nice than We.

This sharp Refusal vex'd the Fair,  
 Not so but she renew'd the War ;

C

That

That Night she took it in her Head,  
 Again to toss and turn in Bed,  
 She sigh'd and started, shriek'd and groan'd,  
 Wept much and miserably moan'd,  
 Made fifty Times the Noise, and more  
 Than erst she did the Night before.  
 I' th' Morn, *Mamma*, alarm'd and vex'd,  
 With her good Man renew'd the Text:  
 'Tis strange! you'll always have your Will,  
 The Child will certainly be ill:  
 What a strange Humour's your's? I vow  
 I find the Girl, I don't know how; —  
 Since she desires it, let her try  
 If she can rest i' th' Gallery.

Against a Woman's Will, quoth he,  
 We Husbands know no Remedy,  
 Do then your Pleasure, take your Fancy,  
 For so you will, say what I can say:  
 What Stuff is this ---- Well, let her hear  
 The Nightingale in Fresco there.

The Father, thus constrain'd, approves,  
 Miss, and her Furniture removes;  
 The Bed was made, the Sign was given,  
 And *Richard* had his Pass for Heaven.

Between

Between this Morn and Night you'll say,  
 There pass'd a heavy tedious Day,  
 True ; by Love's Calends, it appears,  
 Moments are Hours, and Hours are Years.

At length Night came, the Sash left ope,  
 Our Lover, and the Ladder-Rope,  
 Were ready both ; he leap'd, he fled  
 Into her Bosom, and her Bed.

To tell you now what farther pass'd,  
 To say how often they embrac'd,  
 How many Ways they closely join,  
 Their Lips, their Souls, their Bodies twine,  
 Wou'd waste your Time ; for Doctors prove  
 But Dunces when they talk of Love :  
 The Joys dissolving Lovers feel,  
 Lovers only can reveal ;  
 When in the Rage of young Desire,  
 They sigh, they murmur, they expire.

Our Nightingale sung all the Night,  
 Each Note gave ravishing Delight ;  
 Sweet *Philomel* with Breast on Thorn,  
 That chaunts her amorous Song till Morn,

Were,

Were, shou'd it be compar'd to this,  
The Whooting of an Owl I wis.

But see how mortal Bliss is cross'd !  
In their soft Pleasures wholly lost,  
Now slacken'd Nature nods a-while,  
Till the recruited Spirits boil,  
Lock'd in each others Arms they lay,  
And sweetly slept : The breaking Day  
Appear'd, when tired with dear possessing  
They slept, their Features still expressing,  
Ev'n in that silent Trance, the Joys,  
The mutual Bliss that clos'd their Eyes.

The Father rose ; let's see, said he,  
What great Effect this Gallery,  
The Song, forsooth, o'th' Nightingale,  
And Change of Bed must much avail.

He came and saw with much Surprise  
(Yet hardly crediting his Eyes)  
The sleeping Pair : — No Coverture  
The panting Lovers cou'd endure ;  
Expos'd and naked every Feature,  
As in the State of simple Nature :

Painters thus describe the Pair  
 In Paradise, untaught to err,  
 Naked amidst the new Creation,  
 Before even Fig-leaves were in Fashion:  
 But as in *Eve's* fair Hand you find,  
 An Apple to destroy Mankind,  
*Kitty's* twining Fingers grace  
 That Part which now preserves our Race;  
 That Part, which but to name is rude,  
 That ruffles into Rage the Prude;  
*Catullus* says, (sure he is to blame,)  
 They love the Thing, but hate the Name.

Restraining Rage, and stifling Pain,  
 He to his Wife returns again;  
 Rise, my good Woman, rise, quoth he,  
 And you the finest Sight shall see;  
 Your Daughter was i' th' Right to lie  
 In yonder pleasant Gallery;  
 The Nightingale is caught, I vow,  
 She has him in her Hand ev'n now.

The Mother rose, and said, while Joy  
 Stood in Drops on either Eye; —  
 A pretty Nightingale! oh, Lord!  
 Poor Child! how did it catch the Bird?

Is it a great one? Does it feed?  
Will it get little ones? and breed?

Be patient, Wife, and you shall see,  
Reply'd the Man, this Mystery;  
Yet lest the Bird shou'd take its Flight,  
In Silence let us steal the Sight.

Griev'd and surpriz'd, *Mamma* beheld  
The Nightingale which *Kitty* held;  
And as she call'd her Names by Dozens,  
Wife, quoth the Man, Rage Reason cozens;  
Learn we the Injuries we bear  
Wisely to suffer, or repair;  
Send for a Licence and a Priest,  
And of the Worst let's make the Best.

While thus they talk, young *Richard* wakes;  
The Sun now gilds with ruddy Streaks  
His opening Eyes; he starts, with Fear  
His Heart beats high: *Kitty*, my Fair,  
The Day is come, what must we do,  
My Love, my Dear, how shall I go?

All will go well enough, reply'd  
The Father, standing by his Side,

His

His Dagger drawn : It is in vain  
 To rage, or of my Wrong complain ;  
 I'm injur'd, but I've found a Way  
 To right my self, without delay ;  
 This Dagger, or my Daughter have,  
 Espouse your Mistress, or the Grave :  
 Stir not, speak not, make no Noise,  
 This, or This, must be your Choice.

Between the Matrimonial Noose,  
 And Death, it was not hard to chuse ;  
 At Wife and Hymen never starting,  
*Dick* knew no other Fear but parting ;  
 While thus for Life he vow'd his Joys  
*Kitty* waking, heard the Voice  
 Of her *Papa* — she clos'd again  
 Her trembling Eyes now Sleep to feign ;  
 The Bird was loos'd on his Parole,  
 Beneath the Cloaths she gently stole,  
 And as she hid her glowing Charms,  
 Her Breasts heave quick with strange Alarms.

Oblig'd to wake, oblig'd to know  
 What both were instantly to do ;  
*Papa*, without Reproach, declar'd  
 The Business ; she obedient heard.

The

The Priest now came, the Knot was ty'd,  
 And Kitty bedded, and a Bride,  
 At once — Transported with Success,  
 Their Father stretch'd his Hand to bless;  
 And having bless'd the new-made Pair,  
 Said, turning to his Wife, See there :

We'll tame your Nigbringale, dear Wife,  
 He's in the Cage to sing for Life.

**F I N I S.**



